GREAT BRITTAINES Generall Ioyes. LONDONS Glorious Triumphes.

Dedicated to the
Immortall memorie of the ioyfull Mariage of the two famous and illuſtrious Princes, *FREDERICKE* and *ELIZABETH.*

Celebrated the 14. of Februarie, being S. Valentines day.

With the Inſtalment of the ſayd potent Prince *Fredericke* at *Windſore*, the 7. of Februarie aforeſaid.

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XUM

TO THE MOST LEARNED AND COMPLEAT

Gentleman *William Redman* of great *Shelford* in the Countie of *Cambridge* Eſquire.

I Not reſpect the pride of common prayſe,
Nor the diſdaine of Fooles, abuſing kind;
Rude Ignorance her thoughts could neuer raiſe
To iudge of Wiſedome, or to know the Minde:
My heart in this, ſhall euer be preciſe,
To wiſh the loue of few, ſo they be wiſe:

Thus to the wight, whoſe thoughts are ſtill deuine,
In whom a worthy honour'd heart doth raigne:
Where Wiſedome in her beſt attire doth ſhine,
And all the vertues, veyde of all diſdaine:
To ſuch am I transferd, my Muſe doth vow
To honour ſuch a wight; and ſuch are you.

By the true honorer of your
learning and vertue,

A. N.

Great Brittaines generall Ioyes.

Londons glorious Triumphes

YOV ſacred Spirits,
that haunt *Parnaſſus* ſpring,
And pierce the skies,
rayſing from loweſt duſt,
(With ſcaring thoughts,
mounted on *Pegas* wing)
Euen whom you liſt,
and whom you liſt downe thruſt:
You whom the *Muſes* all doe ioyntly greet,
My weakling Muſe doth many wiſhes make:
(You that drinke *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* ſweet,)
That ſome of you, her taske would vndertake,
And ſhew the profits, prayſe, and dignitie,
Of this Diuine-bred Nuptiall vnitie:
For if true Glory, or ſtabilitie,

In bodyes Politique, or Naturall,
Hath ere been gayn'd, it came from vnities
The foundrelle and true gouernelle of all:
For as in bodyes Naturall we see,
VVhere differing Elements are euer found;
They yet in equall mixture doe agree,
Making each seuerall Complexion sound,
VVhen with a mutuall reference to either,
The hot doth cleare the cold, the moyst the dry:
But when there is a iarring strife together
Which shall be great, which beare Supremacie;
The litle world of Man is quite vndone;
Nor can the Minde (being King thereof) indure,
Where such insulting humours ouer-runne,
To liue within a Kingdome so vnsure.

Euen thus in Bodies politicke it stands,
Where contrary conditions yet agree,
Where Soueraigne power with Equity commaunds,
And powers subordinate obedient bee:
But if that spirits turbulent be found,
To stirre vp factious strifes within the State;
As many such doe in each Land abound,
Maintayning discord with inueterate hate.
Let them know this, they worke in what them lyes,
To marre the Musicke of this sweete Consent:
And as malignant Opposites, deuise
Against the Soueraigne state and regiment.
They erre in blindnes much, that will not see
What excellent occurrents may befall,
By this Coniunctions heauenly harmony
Confirm'd on earth by powers Celestiall.

For

For ſet aſi:le the profits that may riſe
To'th *Palſgraues* Land and this, by their comerce,
(As that whereon a Common-wealth relyes)
It ſhall be heere more fitting to reherſe,
The fame, and glorious ſtate, and dignity,
That in this Sea-wald Ile will euer ſpring,
By this Deuine Coniunction, which will bee
Common to both the Subiect, as the King.
For if before the *Palſgraues* force did ſtand
Strong, both when *Spaine*, and *Rome* was bent thereto;
If then it chekt them, hauing but one hand:
Now ioynd with ours, what power hath it to doe?
With Flowers therefore each man ſtrewes the way,
For though this Land were often bleſt of yore,
Yet *Hymen* makes this his chiefe Holy-day,
For that it neuer was true prou'd before:
Now th'ayre is ſweeter farre then the ſweet Balme;
The Earth begins with Verdure to be dight;
The *Satyrs* now doe daunce about the Palme;
All things giue perfect ſigne of their delight:
Now do the Birdes record new harmony,
Now Trees, and euery thing that Nature breeds;
Doe whiſtle their conſenting melody,
And clad it ſelfe with freſh and pleaſant weeds:
And why? *Eliza*, flower of ſecond *Troy*,
Enioyes her *Frederick*; both haue mutuall ioy.
Oh *Hymen*, father of all Nuptiall rites,
Begun on earth, and regiſtred in Heauen,
Graunt theſe conioyned Princes, faire delights,
And free them from falſe hearts, and thoughts vneuen;
The Princely enioyers of this Vnion,
That in the ſacred band of loue are twynd,

Are

Are both from Kinges, and lignes Imperiall ſprung,
And by their match, great Kingdomes are combinde:
By it great *Brittaine*, and the *Palſgraues* Land,
Shall checke the *Popiſh* pride with fierce Alarme,
And make it in much trepidation ſtand,
When both their Colours ſhall ioyne arme in arme:
And (thus conioyned) ſhall tryumphant flye,
Both in one line of Loue and Dignitie.

ELIZABETH, to whom God giues,
Fulnes of Peace, in which ſhe liues:
Fulnes of God, her name ſo importes,
How well her Name, and Nature ſortes?
ELIZAES eyes are bleſſed Starres,
Inducing Peace, traducing Warres;
ELIZAES hand is Chriſtall bright,
Her wordes are Balme, her lookes are light:
ELIZAES Breſt is that ſame hill,
Where Vertue dwels, and ſacred skill:
Oh bleſſed be each day and bower,
Where this ELIZA builds her Bower.

Thou great Pince *Palatine*, and Prime elector,
That didſt for our Prince lately with vs greeue:
And whilom woodſt with woe, now heauens protector
To hard beginninges, ioyfull endes doth giue.
Thy welcome firſt, was a ſad Funerall,
Which now's transformd to a ioyfull Nuptiall.
Thou found'ſt vs glad at thy arriuall heere,
And hadſt had entertainement to thy ſtate,
Had not Heauens hand turn'd all to mournefull cheere,
And to our ioyes, giuen ſo vntimely date.

Yet

Yet are they now reuiu'd for griefes are gon,
Our hopes are happy in thy Coniunction.
Oh Nupriall vnity, produ'ct from Heauen,
To propagate thy blessings in this Landes
Why should disioyned hearts, with thoughts vneuen,
Refuse the grace of thine alyining hand?
That adst to profit, pleasure, friends, and fame,
Maintainst Religion in her sacred seate,
Giu'st *Brittains* Ile a neuer-dying name,
And such a Stile as euer will be great:
Great in the glory of her present state,
Great in the setled hopes of times to come,
Great in preuenting of all forraine hate,
Great in preseruing of her peace at home:
Great in this match, great in her wealth and fame:
In all thinges great, as is Great *Brittains* name.
By Vnity, perfectious things are gaynds
Defects are bred by Dissipations
By Concord was the *Romaine* state maintaind,
By Discord brought to desolation.
Witnesse the outstretcht rule and Royalties
That time through their disiunction hath decayd:
Now chang'd to poore weake states, and seigniories,
Which once vnited, all the world obayd:
So *Fraunce*, and *Spaine*, and other parts can tell,
The braine-sicke battaile of diffeucred bands,
VVhose sad memorials yet can witnesse well,
The horrid Actes of dis-vnited hands.

In former times, on vs strange Nations
(As *Danes*, and *Saxons*, hearing our dissention)

Oft plagu'd this Land with ſtrong inuaſions,
Still working on the wracke of our Contention:
Whoſe loftie pride, and high inſulting power,
Did many hundred yeares vſurping ſtand,
When Seauen deuided Kingdomes did deuoure
The fame, the ſtate, and riches of the Land.
But how ſhall euer Time forget to tell,
The Tragicke actions of that bloody Warre,
That in this Kingdome many yeeres befell
Betwixt the Houſes *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*?
Where *Englands* honour 'gainſt it ſelfe was arm'd:
Saint *George* againſt Saint *George*, did lift his hand:
Nature by Nature, was vnkindly harm'd;
Blood did 'gainſt Blood, in oppoſition ſtand.

And if the ſacred hand of Vnitie,
Had left vntun'd the ſtringes of their debate,
Miſchiefe, with vnpreuented Miſerie,
Had wrought the vtter ruine of the State:
But God, and good foreſight, preuent ſuch ill,
That no eclipſe of Glory may befall:
But that this Vnitie may flouriſh ſtill,
To be the power-full ſafegard of vs all:
That ſo the Imperiall *Enſignes* of this Land,
And the Prince *Palatines* adoured fame,
In high Maieſticke glory long may ſtand,
To dignifie their glorious Countries name.
And that the Nobles of each Land, may ioyne,
Aſweil in forraine, as Domeſticke ſtate,
By peace and warre, to make their Glories ſhine,
Extended farther then the power of fate:
Wiſhing that they, whom Honour thus combines,

May

May mutually partake in peace and warres:
And as an offspring from the glorious lines,
Of royall Princes, Kinges, and Emperours,
Still in one Center of Coniunction rest;
That both their Glories so may long time ſtand,
And with their ſeuerall farre ſpreading Creſts,
Make knowne their Fames to many a forraine Land.

So ſhall the Princely heads of this faire frame,
VVith peacefull Scepters both their Countries ſway:
So ſhall they keepe Religion, Rule, and Name,
That they haue ſtill mayntayned to this day:
That God, that is the God of Vnion,
Firſt founder of all vndeuided thinges,
May guide the ſtate of this Coniunction,
And make it happy in a line of Kinges,
Which from their Princely ſtocke may grace both climes,
And euermore continue Soueraignitie,
In all high Honour, till the end of times,
And the beginning of eternitie.

Deo Trino, et vni Gloria.

Hymens Holiday, or the Mariage day of the two famous *Princes, being S. Valentines day.*

DEſcend you ſacred Daughters
of King *Ioue*,
Apollo's louely Darlings,
leaue your Mount,
And thoſe delightſome
ſweet *Caſtalian* Springs,
That warble with their
ſiluer winding waues,
Making ſoft Muſicke in their gentle glide.
Clio, thou ſageſt of the ſiſters Nine,
Conduct thy luſtie company to Court,
Great *Brittains* Court, on earth an earthly Heauen:
There take ſuruey of faire *Elizabeth*,
And in her prayſe, tune your heroicke Songs:
Write, write you Chronicles of Time and Fame,
That kepee remembrance golden Regiſters
And recommende to Times eternitie
Her honours height, and wonders of her Age:
Wonders of her, that reaſons reach tranſcend,
Such wonders as haue ſet the world at gaze:

Elizabeth

Elizabeth, whoſe worth, all Engliſh hearts
Admire at home, and ſo doe forraigne parts.
Clio, proclaime with golden Trumpe, and Pen,
This happy VVedding-day, this Nuptiall-day,
Ore *Europs* bounds take wing, and make thy flight
Through melting Ayre, from whence's the riſing Sunne
Gallops the Zodiack, in his hery VVayne,
Euen to the brinke where *Thetis* in her Bower,
Receaues the weary Bridegroome of the Sea,
Beyond Graund *CAIRE* by *Nilus* flymy bankes,
Ouer the wilde and ſandy *Affricke* Playnes,
Along the frozen Shoare of *Tanais*,
VVhoſe Icye cruſt *Apollo* can not thaw:
Euen there, and round about this earthly Ball,
Proclayme the daies of *Brittains* happyneſſe,
The dayes of Peace and Victory proclaime,
And let this glauſome Nuptiall day be firſt,
This Wedding day (beginning of much bliſſe)
Set downe this day in Characters of Gold,
And marke it with a Stone as white as milke:
This cheerefull Wedding day weare Eglantine,
And wreaths of Roſes redde and white put on
In honour of this day, you lonely *Nymphes*:
And *Pauus* ſing, your ſweet melodious ſongs,
Along the chaulky Cliffs of *Albions*
Lead all *Great Brittaynes* Shepheards in a daunce,
Ore Hill and Dale, and Downes, and Daiſey plottes:
And be this day *Great Brittaynes* Holy-day,
That thus vnites the royall hearts and hands
Of theſe two Princes, in Loues holy bandes:
Bee multiplide the number of their yeeres,
Their yeeres, that may prolong our golden daies,

Wherein we ſtill in ſafetie may abide,
And they may raigne and rule in Honours height:
So may they long, and euer may they ſo,
Vntoucht of traytrous hand, and tretcherous foe.

This Nuptiall day being celebrated thus,
Is to Great *Brittaine*, *Hymens* Holiday:
The day of ioy, the day of iollitie,
That young and old, and all doe celebrate:
Muſes and Graces, Gods and Goddeſſes,
Adorne, adore, and celebrate this day:
The meaneſt with the mightieſt may in this,
Expreſſe his loue, for loyaltie alike,
Blazons affections force in Lord and Lowne,
In honour of this VVedding day behold,
How young and old, and high and low reioyce.
England hath put a face of gladneſſe on;
And Court and Countrie caroll both their prayſe,
And in their honour, tune a thouſand Layes.
Behold, in honour of this happy day,
What Poems and triumphals *London* ſinges:
What holy Hymnes and ſacrifice of thankes,
Englands Metropolis as Incenſe ſendes:
And in the ſound of Cymbals, Trumps, and Shalmes,
In honour of *Eliza* and great *Fredericks* name,
(To whom his life he owes, and offers vp)
VVith ſonges of ioy for this long lookt-for day;
This Nuptiall day, wherein we all enioy
Such perfect comfort throughout *Brutes* new *Troy*.

With

VVith vs in ſimpathy of ſweete accord,
All Engliſh Subiectes ioyne, and hearts and hands,
Of prayſes and of hearty prayers ſend
Thankes-giuing for the bleſsings and the grace,
The gracious bleſsinges on this day powr'd downe
This bleſſed day, wherein theſe bleſſed Princes,
(The peoples peace, their Countries happy fate)
Are both conioyned in Matrimoniall ſtate.

And in this generall plaudite and applauſe,
And celebration of this ioyfull day,
VVherein pale Enuie, iuſtly vanquiſhed,
Giues way vnto the vertues of theſe Princes,
And wounded with remembrance of their names,
Hath taken wing, and made amaine from hence,
To murmure that he durſt not here diſgorge,
And breath his diſcontentments ouer Sea,
Among thoſe graceleſſe fugitiues, that thirſt
For nothing more, then dangerous change of times,
And alteration of a ſetled State.
That rabble of vnnaturall Engliſhmen,
VVhoſe baſe reuolt (infamous through the world)
Makes them foule Architectes of vilde practiſes
That end in their diſhonour and their death,
Thoſe bloody ſtratagems and trayterous traynes,
That ſhall be cruelly layde vnto their liues,
(Precious in ſight of Heauen, and deare to vs)
By theſe baſe Truth-falne run-awayes.
VVee pray that *Iacobs* God may ſtill preſerue
Theſe Princes, euen twixt bridge and waters brinke,
And ſaue their ſacred perſons in the fall,

From

From *Pharaos* Rod, and from the Sword of *Saul:*
For this great Triumph that true Subiectes make
Is likt of all, but Enemies of the Truth,
Enemies to them that ſerue the liuing Lord,
And put in him their truſt and confidence:
And this they well haue ſhowne in gorgeous Showes,
And in all other fitt accuttrements,
Prepar'd to doe their duty and deuoyre,
VVherein they did ſo well demeane them ſelues:
So well, ſo willingly to pleaſe theſe Princes,
That (breathles) yet they would haue been content
In this dayes honour, yeeres of dayes t'haue ſpent.

Prince

Prince *Frederick* created Knight of the Gater, and inſtald at Windſor the 7 day of February 1612.

ABout the time when veſper, in the weſt,
Gan ſet the euening watch, and ſilent night
Sent ſleepe and ſlumber to poſſeſſe the world,
Vnder the ſtarry Canapy of Heauen,
I laid me downe, laden with many cares,
Faſt by the ſtreame where Tame and Iſis meet,
Euen at that time, all in a fragrant Meade:
In ſight of that faire Caſtle that ore'elookes
The forreſt one way, and the fertill val,
Watred with that renowned Riuer Thames
Olde Windſor Caſtle did I take my reſt.
When Cynthia, companion of the night,
Piercing mine eie-lids, as I lay along, (ſaw,
Awakt me through: Therewith me thought I
A royall glimmering light, ſtreaming aloft,
A Titan mounted on the Lions backe,
Had cloath'd himſelfe in fiery pointed beames
To chaſe the night and entertaine the Moone,
Yet ſcarce had Phæbe gon hir iourney through,
Sleeping, or waking, as alone I lay,
Mine eies, and eares, and ſences all were ſeru'd,
With euery obiect perfect in his kinde,
And lo, (a wonder to my ſences all)
I might diſcerne a troope of Horſemen ride,
Arm'd *Cape de Pe*, with ſhield & ſhiuering launce,

As in a plaſh, or calme tranſparent brooke,
Wee ſee the gliſtering fiſhes skowre along,
A number numberles, appointed well
For tournament, as if the God of warre
Had held a iuſts in honor of his loue.
Therewith I heard the clarions & the ſhalmes,
The Shakbuts, and a number inſtruments
Of ſeuerall kindes: but lowdeſt of them all,
A Trumpe more ſhrill, then Tritons is at ſea,
The ſame renowne, precurſer of the traine,
Did ſound (for who ringes lowder thē renowne)
He mounted was vppon a flying horſe,
And cloath'd in Phawcons feathers to the groūd
By his Eſcutchion you might eaſly geſſe,
He was the Hearhauld of eternity.

I lookt to ſee an end of that I ſaw,
And ſtill me thought the trayne did multiply,
And yeilding cloudes gaue way & men at armes
Succeede as faſt at one anothers heeles,
As in the Vaſt Mediterranean ſea,
The rowling waues doe one beget another,
Weary of looking vp, I laid me downe
Willing to reſt, as ſleepy ſoules are wont,
When of a ſodaine ſuch a noyſe I heard
Of ſhot of Ord'nance pealing in mine eares,
As twenty thouſand Tyre had plaid at ſea:
Or Aetna ſplit, had belcht hir bowels forth,
Or heauen & earth thundering in armes amaine,
Had bent their great Artillery for warre.
And weary Atlas had let fall his loade,
Enough to wake Endimion from his traunce.

Yet

Yet was the Welkin cleare, nor ſmoake, nor duſt
Annoyde mine eies, I gaz'd and as I lookt,
Me thought this hoſt of Aery armed men
Girt Windſor Caſtle round: anon I ſaw
Vnder a Canapy of Crimſon biſſe,
Spangled with gold, and ſet with ſiluer bells,
That ſweetly chym'd and lul'd me halfe a ſleepe,
A goodly King in robes moſt richly dight,
The vpper like a Romaine Palliament,
In deede a Chapperon, for ſuch it was:
And looking neerer, loe, vppon his legge
An auncient badge of honor I eſpide,
A Garter brightly gliſtering in mine eie,
A worthy ornament. Then I cal'd to minde
What Princely Edward of that name the third,
King Edward for his great atchiuement fam'd
What he began: The order of Saint George,
That at this day is honoured through the world
The order of the Garter now t'is cal'd. (antiquity
Famous through all the world for honour and
Grac'd by a King, and fauoured of his peeres,
Fam'd by his followers worthy kings & queenes
That to his day are ſoueraignes of the ſame.

Some ſay the manner how this grew at firſt,
Was thus. The King diſpoſed on a time
To reuell after hee had ſhaken Fraunce,
And deckt his Lyons with their flower de-luce,
Diſpoſ'd to reuell: ſome ſay otherwiſe
Found on the ground by fortune as he went,
A ladyes Garter: and the Queene I trow,
Loſt in a daunce and tooke it vp himſelfe.

Which was, a ſilken ribban weau'd of blewe,
His Lords and ſtanders by, ſeeing the King
Stoope for this Garter, ſmil'd: as who would ſay,
Our office that had beene, or ſomewhat elſe.
King *Edward* wiſtly looking on them all,
With princely hands, hauing that Garter raiſ'd,
From harmles heart where honour was engrau'd
Beſpake in Frence (he could the language well)
Honi ſoit qui mal Y penſe) quoth hee)
Wherewith vppon aduiſement, though the cauſe
Were ſmall, his pleaſure and his purpoſe was,
T'aduance that Garter, and to inſtitute
A noble order ſacred to Saint George, (tearm'd,
And Knights to make them, whō he would haue
Knights of the Garter: this beginning had
This honorable order of our time,
But truer farre that from the holy land,
This holy order cāe, whēas a garter high aduan'ſt
& ſeru'd for an enſign, & was crown'd with victory
Hereon I thought when I beheld the King,
I was inſtructed in the circumſtance,
And found it was King *Edward* that did march
In robes, like thoſe he ware when with his Lords
He held Saint *Georges* royall feaſt on earth,
His eldeſt ſonne ſurnamed the blacke Prince,
Though blacke of hue, ẏ ſurname yet in Fraunce
He wan: for terrour to the Frenchmens hearts,
His countenaunce was, his ſword an iron ſcourge,
Hee on a cole-blacke Corſer mounted was,
And in his hand a battle-axe he held,
His Beuer vp, his corſlet was of ſteele,
Varniſht as blacke as iet: his baſes blacke,

And

And blacke frō head to foote, yea horſe & hoofe
As blacke as night: but in a twincke me thought
He chang'd at once his habit and his ſteede,
And had a Garter as his father had,
But rich and coſtly, with imbrodery
Of Pearle, and Gould I could on it diſcerne,
The Poeſy whereof I ſpake of yore,
And well I wot ſince this King *Edward* daies,
Our Kinges & Queenes about their roiall armes,
Haue in a garter borne this Poeſy,
Still as I lay, I gaz'd, and geſt at once,
What was this traine, and whether it did bend.

At laſt I found King *Edward* was the man,
Accompanide with Kings & Conquerours:
That from the ſpatious Aery houſe of fame
Set forward royall to ſollemnize
Th'inſtallement of ſome new created Knights,
For loe, I ſawe in rich accouttrements,
Like to King *Edwards*, and the prince of Wales,
Full foure and twenty Knights, nor more nor les
In roabes with pretiōus colours of S. George,
And they had Garters all, buckled with gould.
Me thought this ſemblance could not but import
They Should be noble men of golden mindes,
And great account, fauour'd of Prince and Peeres
Whoſe names ſhould in that regiſter be writ,
Conſecrate to Saint Georges choſen Knights.

Herewith the golden booke gan open faire,
And eas'ly I might read their names that next
Went to the King, of whome & of whoſe worths

Needs not to make particular relation. (coates,
This booke cõtaines their names & ſeuerall
And keepes them written in his golden leaues,
As they haue had inſtallement and creation
By gratious fauour, in each Kings ſucceſſion,
Within the Carracters of this ſame booke
I ſaw a name reioyced me to ſee,
Henry late prince of Wales, I read it plaine
And glad I was that in that Regiſter
That name I found: for now (me thought) I ſaid
Heere vertue doth out liue th'arreſt of death.
For dead is Henry, vertuous and Renown'd
For honor, courage and viuacity,
And yet his names aliue in fame's recordes,
That held this Garter deere, and ware it well.

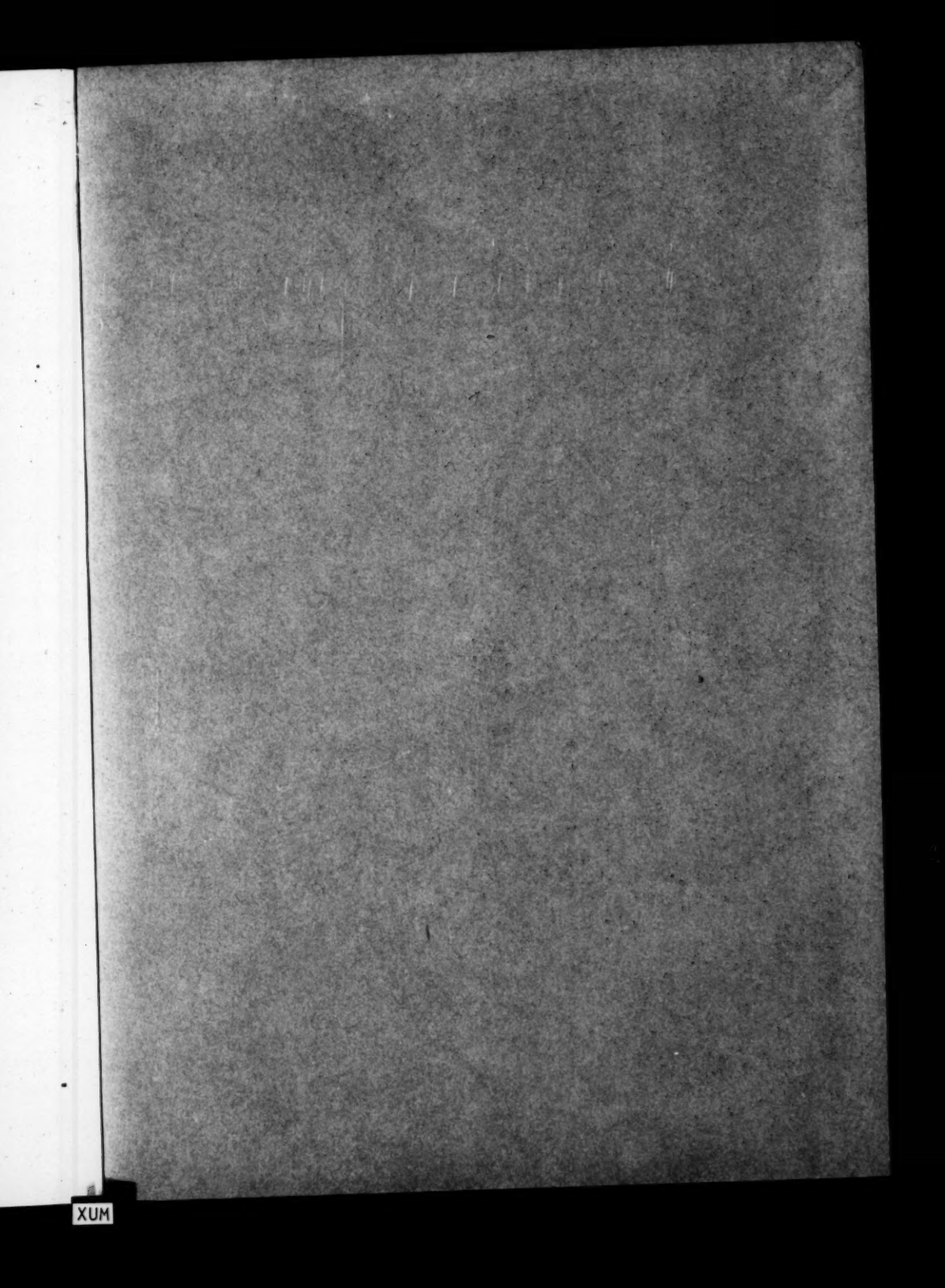
The traine of all thieſe hardy Knights enſtal'd
Caſt in a ring about olde Windſor Caſtle,
Vnder the glorious ſpreading winges of fame,
I ſaw Great Brittaines King, richly attyrde,
Leading with him a ſort of goodly Knights,
With Garters and with collours of Saint George
Iacobus Rex on a compartiment
Of Golde, in Biſſe was writ and hung a skue
Vppon his head, vnder an imperiall crowne:
Hee was the Soueraigne of the Knights he led,
His face me thought I knew: as if the ſame,
The ſame great King, that wee doe here enioy,
Had climb'd the clowdes, & been in perſon there
To whom the earth, the Sea, and Elements
Auſpicious are. A many that I knew,
Knighted in my remembrance I beheld,

And

And all their names were in that booke inrol'd,
And yet I might perceaue ſome ſo ſet downe
That (howſoeuer it hapt I cannot tell)
The carle obliuion, ſtolne from Læthes lake
Or enuie ſtept from out the deepe Auerne,
Had rac'd, or blemiſht, or obſcur'd at leaſt:
Yet all the Kings ſince that King Edwards daies,
Were with their Knights & cõpanies in ỳ traine.

At laſt me thought, King Edward thus beſpake,
Hayle vvindſor, vvhere I ſomtime tooke delight,
To havvke & hunt, & backe the provvdeſt horſe
And vvhere in Princely pleaſure I repoſ'd,
(After my vvarres) in my returne from Fraunce
Yea tvventy times haile Windſor (q. the King)
Where I haue ſtal'd ſo many hardy Knights,
And Turnaments and royall Iuſts perform'd,
Behould in honor of mine auncient throne
In honor of great Brittaine, and Saint George,
To vvhom this order of the Garter firſt
I ſacred held: in honor of my Knights
Before this day created, and inſtal'd,
But ſpecially in honor of this Knight,
That at this day this honor hath receau'd
Vnder King Iames, great Brittaines Soueraigne
With princely traines, I from the houſe of fame
Doe reſalute thee heere, and gratulate
To this nevv Knight, created by a King,
Peereles for vviſdome and for maieſtty,
The honor of the Garter: long may hee
Weare it as note of true Nobillity,
And vertues ornament, Young Frederick

Thou

Thou high & mightie Prince, & Prime Elector,
Mounted on fortunes wheele by vertues ayme,
Become thy badge as it becometh thee,
That Europ's eies thy worthynes may see,
And what this day pure honor hath put on
So full of princely hope, in honor weare,
Answeare the worthiest of thine Aunceſtry,
In deedes (to fame and vertue conſecrate)
Brought vp in liberall ſciences and armes,
Patron of Chiualry and of the Muſes,
Brandiſh thy ſword in right, and ſpend thy daies
In common wealth affaires, it ſhall become
Thy forwardnes to follow vertues cauſe,
And great deſignes of Princely conſequence,
Prince Palatine, Shape thou thy noble courſe,
As vertue (loadſtarre of renowne) directs,
That as thy royall Aunceſtors haue donne,
Thine earthly race in honor thou maiſt ronne,
And as in leaues and characters of gould,
Thy Princely name is writ in this Record,
So liue (as with a many moe) thou maieſt
Suruiue and triumph in eternitie,
Out of obliuious reach, or Enuies ſhot,
And that thy name immortally may ſhine,
In thieſe Records, not earthly but Deuine.
Then the ſhrill Trumpet of renowne did ſound,
And by and by the traine retir'd (as ſwift, (came
As Starres doe vſe to ſhoote) from whence they
The gawdy Morne awakt, and euery thing
Aroſe from reſt, & little birdes gan ſing, (dreame
Wherewith I rowz'd and haue ſet downe my
The matter (for the time) being a fit theame.

FINIS.